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THE LAKE SCENERY OF ENGLAND

BY

J. B. PYNE

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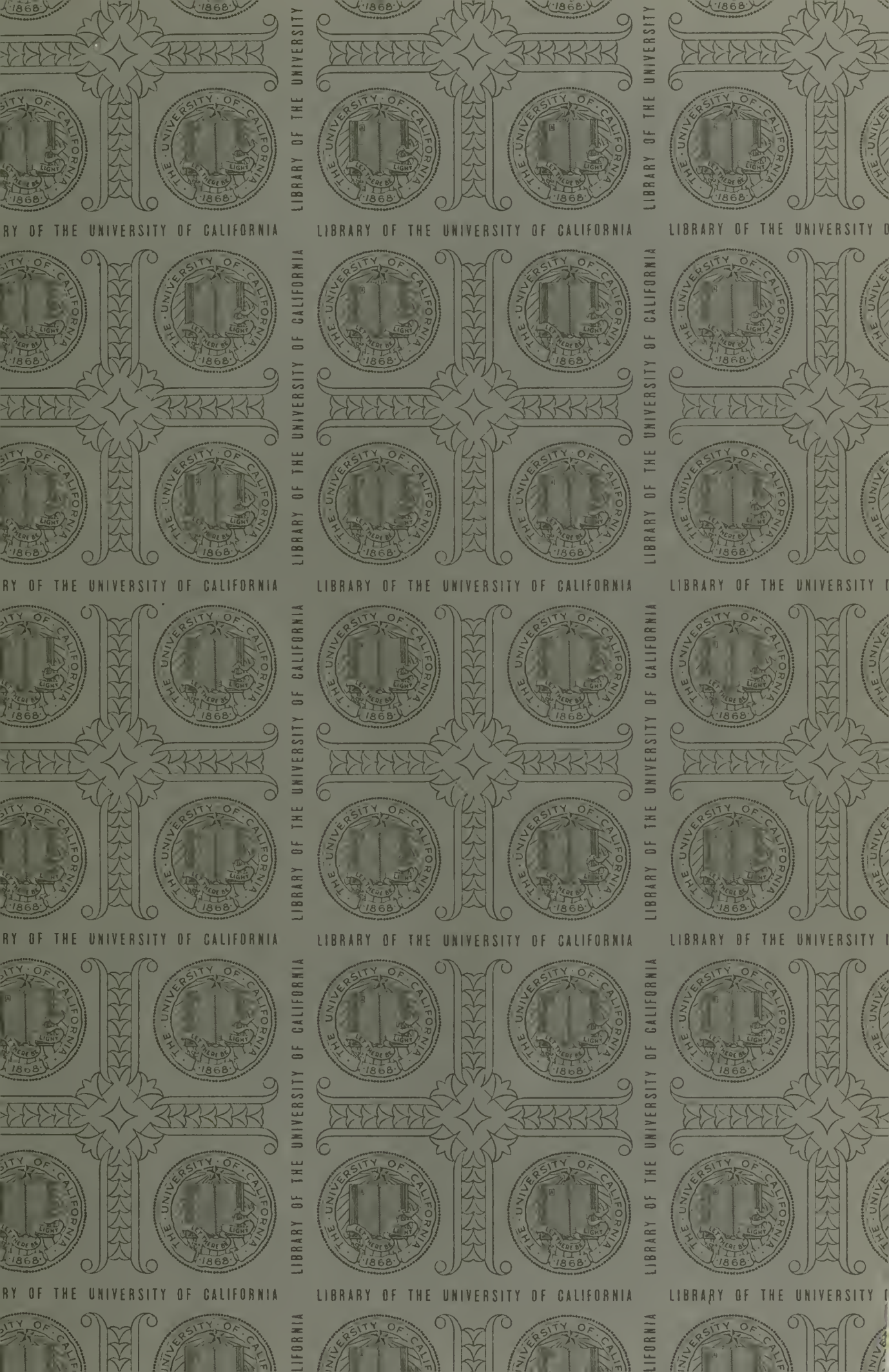
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LAKE SCENERY OF ENGLAND.

LAKE SCENERY OF ENGLAND

BY J. B. PYNE

DRAWN ON STONE BY T. PICKEN

PUBLISHED BY DAY & SON

LITHOGRAPHERS TO THE QUEEN

LONDON.

R. Dudley, Inv. et Del.

W. R. Tymms, lith.

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THE HEAD OF STOCK GILL FORCE.

INTRODUCTION

In presenting to the public a Series of Engravings illustrative of the Lake Scenery of England, executed on a scale commensurate with the interest and importance of the original paintings, the Proprietors desire to state the grounds on which they venture to anticipate a favourable reception for their work, and the motives which have led them to undertake it.

Notwithstanding the unrivalled beauty of the Scenery of the Lake District of England, and the number of pictures of detached portions of it, which have been painted and exhibited, from time to time, during the last half-century, there exists no work which comprises a consecutive series of illustrations of this picturesque locality, nor, indeed, of any considerable portion of its scenery, at all worthy of its character; and it was not until the Proprietors had induced a Painter, every way qualified for the task, to co-operate with them, *con amore*, in the production of such a work, that they decided on attempting to supply the *desideratum*. The engravings which are described in the following pages, and to which they now invite the attention of the public, will speak for themselves.

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It is, however, but justice to Mr. Pyne to remark, that, without sacrificing truth to those graces of art by which it is sometimes impaired and disguised, to such an extent that we are often scarcely able to recognise the scene which the painter professes to represent, he has treated his subjects in a style which cannot fail to render them acceptable as PICTURES. A landscape, like the human face, is not always the same. A sudden gleam of sunshine or intelligence may invest the one or the other with a character of which it might scarcely have been thought susceptible until then. It is the province of genius to watch for such changes, and to select those which are most worthy of being perpetuated; to paint Nature in her fairest phase; when truth is so brightened and adorned, as to appear almost in the guise of poetry.

That section of England which is comprised in what is usually denominated "The Lake District," includes a portion of three counties, Lancaster, Cumberland, and Westmoreland; it occupies an area the length and breadth of which in no part exceeds fifty miles. Its mountains bear no comparison with the stupendous grandeur of the Himalayas, the stern solitudes of the Andes, or the barren desolation of Mont Blanc; but they possess beauties of their own which are not equalled, within similar limits, in any part of the known world; and which amply compensate for the gloomy wildness, and titanic proportions of their foreign rivals. "Nothing," says Wordsworth, in his Remarks upon British Lake Scenery, "is more injurious to genuine feeling than the practice of hastily and ungraciously depreciating the face of one country by comparing it with that of another. If the traveller be among the Alps, let him surrender up his mind to the fury of gigantic torrents, and take delight in the contemplation of their almost irresistible violence, without complaining of the monotony of their foaming course, or being disgusted with the muddiness of the water, apparent even where it is violently agitated. In Cumberland and Westmoreland, let not the comparative weakness of the streams prevent him from sympathising with such impetuosity as they possess; and making the most of present objects, let him, as he may justly do, observe with admiration the unrivalled brilliancy of the water, and that variety of motion, mood, and character, that arises out of the want of those resources by which the power of the streams of the Alps is supported. Again, with respect to the mountains: though these are of comparatively diminutive size; though there is little of perpetual snow, and no voice of summer avalanches is heard among them; and though traces left by the ravages of the elements are comparatively rare and unimpressive; yet out of this very deficiency proceeds a sense of stability and permanence that is to many minds grateful. Among the Alps, are few places which do not preclude this tranquil sublimity. Havoc, ruin, desolation, and encroachment, are everywhere more or less obtruded; and it is difficult, notwithstanding the naked loftiness of the *pikes* and the snow-capped summits of the *mounts*, to escape from the depressing sensation that the whole are in a rapid process of dissolution; and, were it not that the destructive agency must abate as the heights diminish, would in time to come be levelled with the plains. A happy proportion of component parts is noticeable among the landscapes of the Lake District; and in this characteristic they surpass the lake scenery of Scotland, and, in a still greater degree, that of Switzerland."

It is the tranquil sublimity here alluded to by the Poet, that forms the leading attraction of the English lakes; their endless variety of aspect; and the natural harmony of colour which seems to pervade them at all seasons; but in those of spring and autumn more especially. What foreign scenery can approach them, in the tender green of the after-grass upon the meadows, interspersed with islands of grey or mossy rock, crowned with shrubs and trees; in the irregular enclosures of standing corn, or stubble-fields similarly broken; in the mountain-sides, glowing with fern of divers colours; in the calm blue lakes and river pools; and in the foliage of the trees through all the tints of autumn, from the pale and brilliant yellow of the birch and ash to the deep green of the unfaded oak and alder; and of the ivy upon the rocks, on the trees, and on the cottages? Nor do the intrinsic beauties of our Lake District furnish its only claims to the preference of Englishmen: it is hallowed even to many who have had no opportunity of making themselves acquainted with its picturesque attractions, by associations which can never fail to attach to it. Some of the most deservedly eminent of our modern poets have made it their adopted home. The genius of a Wordsworth, a Southey, a Coleridge, a Wilson, and a Hemans, was either nursed or tranquillised amid its solitudes; and they have all repaid their obligations to it with a princely prodigality. Inspired by its influence, they have left the halo of their fame around its "pleasant places;"—they have added glory to its sunshine and greenness to its verdure. Even among a less susceptible order of great minds, many have sought amid these scenes that tranquillity which the busy world had denied them. The noble-minded Arnold, the paradoxical Hazlitt, and the speculative De Quincey, retired to these "sweet solitudes,"—

> "Here plumed their feathers, and let go their wings,
> That, in the envious bustle of resort,
> Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impaired."

Setting aside the intrinsic beauties of this region of repose, it is surely agreeable to make one's self acquainted with the "local habitations" of writers who have occupied so large a share of public attention, and the tenor of whose lives has not belied the honourable characteristics of their works; to view, not merely their homes, but the scenes which inspired their genius, and which they have commemorated in their writings;—the mountains and lakes which "haunted them like a passion," and taught them the mysterious connexion of man with the inanimate nature that surrounds him. The artist, too, will not value the scene the less that it once numbered among its denizens our great pictorial satirist Hogarth, and the painter of the "Birth of Shakspere,"—the graceful but neglected Romney.

Nor is it for the poet or painter alone that the Lake District combines more than ordinary attractions: for the antiquarian, the geologist, and the botanist, it must always possess a peculiar interest. The antiquarian will find scope for his researches in its relics of Druidical remains, Roman roads, and Norman castles; the botanist may

discover amid its solitudes plants peculiar to the locality,—mosses, lichens, and ferns, delicate in form and rich in colour; whilst the variety of its plutonic and stratified rocks form a series from granite to new red sandstone. Many rare specimens of minerals may be found, so that the district is a fruitful field to the geologist.

The Cumbrian rocks have a separate and distinct allotment in the geologic scale. Granite protruding in many places, enclosed by mountainous slaty rocks, old red sandstone and conglomerate, mountain-limestone, millstone-grit, carboniferous strata, new red sandstone, and alluvial accumulations, with many minor divisions, constitute the Lake series of strata. Each mountain as depicted, though radiant with colour, is yet truthful in geological form; and it will be found that, although the *visible* character of the landscape necessarily predominates, its geological features have been preserved.

One great aim of the Painter of these pictures appears to have been to represent the varied character of the respective scenes, the rural tranquillity of some, the wild and solitary grandeur of others, as they really are. With his aid, the chamber tourist may travel, in imagination, by his own fireside, throughout the land of "mountain and flood." The unrivalled beauties of Windermere, with its life and motion, are before him. The great Gable towers in rugged grandeur into the sky. The magical atmospheric effects of Borrowdale have been rendered permanent; the sublimity of Sty Head Pass can be contemplated without the toil of climbing; and the enraptured gazer on this most fascinating collection of British landscapes may almost cheat himself into a belief that he is looking on a scenic reality.

There are many and widely-different natural phenomena, of singular beauty, to be observed from time to time throughout the Lake District. The "helm wind," a rolling cloud, sometimes appears for days together; sometimes the whole landscape is enveloped in an impenetrable mist, shutting out the earth beneath as the sky above; and sometimes the observer is startled by the clearly-defined mountain outline and nearness of that which he knows to be a distant object. Stars glitter high above the crags, intensely bright; or the silvery moon "*wades*" through fleecy clouds, casting broad shadows over the solitary glen, into which the benighted traveller superstitiously fears to enter. At times the Lakes are calm, with an almost preternatural stillness; the mountains are lost to the sight; rocks and islands appear in duplicate, magically suspended in mid air, base to base; the reversed landscape with cattle, trees, and houses, defying gravity in the reflected world below.

Until the commencement of the present century, the picturesque beauties of the Lake District had attracted but little attention. This insensibility is the more remarkable when we remember how enthusiastically the scenery of other countries—that of Italy and Switzerland more especially—has been dwelt upon by those distinguished English writers who have had opportunities of estimating its attractions. On Goldsmith it appears to have made no impression whatever; whilst Tickell, who wrote a long poem in Kensington Gardens, had not a line to spare for Derwentwater, within a mile of which he was born. Gray is almost the only English writer of any eminence of the last century who appears to have felt and appreciated the scenery of the English Lakes;

and accordingly his account of a ten days' tour among them, in his well-known letter to Dr. Warton, is all that might have been expected from the taste and enthusiasm of such a poet. As a topographical description, moreover, it is singularly faithful. But the shortness of his visit, at quite the latter end of the season, at a period when the roads were often almost impassable, and when between many of the most picturesque divisions of the country no communication existed, necessarily limited his means of observation. The first attempt at a detailed description of the Lake District was that of a Roman Catholic clergyman of the name of West, whose work appears to have supplied the foundation of most of the books that have since been published on the subject. It was, however, reserved for the great and virtuous poet, whose genius has shed such imperishable lustre on its scenery, to set the example of describing it in a manner worthy of its fame and his. Inviting the reader to accompany him to the summit of some central eminence, or to imagine himself placed upon a cloud hanging midway between Great Gable and Scawfell, he points out eight valleys which diverge around like spokes in the nave of a wheel; namely, those of Langdale, Coniston, Duddon, Esk, Wastdale, Ennerdale, and Borrowdale, describing about one-half of the circle; whilst the deficiency on the other side is supplied by the vales of Wytheburn, Ullswater, Haweswater, and the Vale of Grasmere and Rydal. None of the latter, however, run up the central point between the Great Gable and Scawfell. Diverging from that point, some four or five miles eastward, to the ridge of Helvellyn, the tourist looks down upon the Vales of Wytheburn and St. John, which are a branch of the Vale of Keswick; upon those of Ullswater, stretching due east; and not far beyond, to the south-east, Haweswater, and that of Grasmere and Rydal; bringing him back to Windermere, the point from which he started; and thus completing, although on the eastern side in a somewhat irregular manner, the figure of the wheel. These valleys, with the mountains by which they are divided, comprise every variety of scenery which can delight the eye. I know not, says Mr. Wordsworth, any tract of country in which, within so narrow a compass, may be found an equal variety in the influences of light and shadow upon the sublime or beautiful features of landscape. From a point between Great Gable and Scawfell a shepherd would not require more than an hour to descend into any one of the eight principal vales by which he would be surrounded; and all the others, with the exception of Haweswater, lie within an equally narrow compass. But though clustered together, every valley has its distinct and separate character; in some instances as if they had been formed in studious contrast; and in others with the united pleasing differences of a sisterly rivalry. This concentration of interest gives the country a decided superiority over the most attractive districts of Scotland and Wales; to the pedestrian traveller more especially.

The English Lake District is not peculiarly rich in historical traditions. In ancient times, indeed, its most attractive points must have been almost impervious by reason of vast forests, and the absence of means of communication with the mountain fastnesses. Even so late as 1769 Gray complains of having been prevented by this cause from visiting some of its finest points of view. Hence there are not many remains of ancient

grandeur, castles or monasteries, excepting in the outskirts of the district. Traces of Roman roads and camps, and a few circles of Druidical stones, with several Norman castles, are the only vestiges that remain of any earlier occupants.

The season recommended by guide-books for visiting the Lakes is the interval between the beginning of June and the end of August; but during the last two months of that period, the prevailing colour of the mountains and woods, where they are not diversified by bare rocks, is too deep a green to admit of any picturesque variety. Frequent rains may, moreover, be expected during the last-mentioned month. In September and October the weather becomes more settled, and the scenery is then, beyond comparison, more variegated and beautiful; although the days are shorter and the coldness of the air less favourable to *al-fresco* excursions. In spite of these drawbacks, however, Mr. Wordsworth recommends to view-hunters, in tolerable health, the six weeks from the first of September in preference to the months of July and August. There is, in fact, no scenery which is much diversified by woods and shrubs that is not beheld to most advantage in autumn. It is then that the landscape wears its most luxuriant aspect. Of the long days, and under widely-different attractions, the last week in May, or the middle and last week of June, are preferable to any part of July or August. The next consideration is the order in which objects are seen to most advantage. And on this question we may briefly suggest that a lake appears in its best aspect from its outlet, if in a mountainous country. To this remark, however, Derwentwater and Loweswater may be considered exceptions; as neither of them derives any supply from the streams of those mountains that dignify the landscape towards its outlet. A mountain will scarcely be ascended without disappointment, unless its summit be gained before sunrise, or the visitor remain there until sunset. The excursionist, in his morning walk, should take the eastern side of the vale, that he may enjoy the benefit of the morning light first touching the tops and then creeping down the sides of the opposite heights; or he may contemplate, from some central height, the shadows from the eastern and the lights from the western mountains. If the horizon-line in the east be low, the western side may be taken, in order that the reflections on the water from the rising sun may not be overlooked. In the evening, for the same reason, the opposite course should be followed.

There are three approaches to the English Lakes through Yorkshire: the one least recommended is that by Catterick and Greta Bridge, and onwards to Penrith. The second leads through a more interesting tract of country, beginning at Ripon, by Fountains-Abbey, Hackfall, and Masham, to Jervaulx Abbey, and the Vale of Wensley, Askrigg, over the fells, to Jedburgh and Kendal. The third route is through Leeds, by Kirkstall Abbey and Otley, to Bolton Bridge and Skipton. The approach to the Lake Country through Lancashire and Lancaster is across the sands to Ulverstone, to Kendal, and thence to Bowness and Windermere. Travellers from the north should go from Carlisle to Cockermouth, and along the Lake of Bassenthwaite to Keswick; or from Carlisle to Penrith, across the country to Keswick.

Among the localities in this part of the country which have been the favourite

haunts of men and women of genius may be more particularly instanced Allan Bank, Grasmere, and Rydal Mount, the residences for many years of Wordsworth; Greta Hall, Keswick, that of Southey; Elleray, near Bowness, that of Professor Wilson; Ambleside and Grasmere, those of Shelley, Coleridge, Hazlitt, and De Quincey (who succeeded Wordsworth in his cottage in that village); and Dovesnest, near Ambleside, that of Mrs. Hemans; while there is scarcely a scene of any powerful attraction in the Lake District which has not been from time to time commemorated in their writings.

The mountainous district enclosing the Lakes consists principally of clay-slate and slaty rocks, designated lower, middle, and upper slates. The oldest slaty rocks, those of Skiddaw, are in their lowest beds metamorphic, and rest on granite. The middle slaty rocks of Borrowdale are traversed by dykes, and in some parts rest on granite. The outer strata of the district and composed, as we have elsewhere remarked, of old red conglomerate, mountain limestone, millstone grit, coal, and new red sand-stone. The protruded igneous rocks are principally granite, and there are numerous porphyritic and greenstone dykes. The mountains of Cumberland are among the oldest in the world; they are incalculably older than the Alps, the Himalayas, or the Andes.

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DUNGEON GILL FORCE.

Dungeon Gill Force, like most of the waterfalls among the Lakes, is produced by the rain-shed of the mountains passing through, or over a "dyke," or "fault." It is situated on the south-east side of Langdale Pikes, which are porphyritic in their structure. This fall is about ninety feet in depth. The rough monolithic block, which has fallen into the chasm above in some convulsion of nature, forms a sort of natural bridge without either "springer" or "key." It has, in all probability, remained in its present position more centuries than the Pyramids have stood years, and it may retain its position after the British empire shall have become a matter of history. There is a wild and savage grandeur about this waterfall at all times. The vertical walls of the chasm are enveloped in mist and gloom, and the huge masses scattered below appear almost to block the ingress of the adventurous tourist. The volume of water is very variable,—in dry weather it is beautifully bright and sparkling; but during a heavy rain-fall it becomes turbid, and rushes down with angry force, foaming, and dashing, and splashing on its way. Mr. Wordsworth has made this picturesque spot the scene of one of his beautiful pastorals, "The Idle Shepherd-Boys," in which it is thus described:—

"If ever you to Langdale go;
Into a chasm a mighty block
Hath fallen, and made a bridge of rock.
The gulf is deep below;
And in a basin, black and small,
Receives a lofty waterfall."

The touching incident related by the poet is a real one. A shepherd-boy was passing, "with staff in hand, across the cleft," when his steps were arrested by "a piteous moan," and looking down, he discovered,—

"A lamb, that in the pool was pent,
Within that black and frightful rent,"

which had been borne into the "gulf profound" by the torrent, and which, with the assistance of the poet, was rescued from its perilous situation. The ascent of the Pikes is usually commenced from a point in the neighbourhood of this fall. The following are the heights of the various waterfalls which are objects of attraction to Lake tourists:—

	FEET.
Scale Force, near Buttermere	160
Colwith Force, five miles from Ambleside	152
Stockgill Force, near Ambleside	150
Lodore Fall, near Keswick	150
Barrow Cascade, near Keswick	122
Dungeon Gill Force	90
Ara Force, Gobarrow Park	80
Rydal Fall, near Ambleside	70
Birker Force, Eskdale	65
Stanley Gill Force, Eskdale	62
Nunnery Fall, near Kirkoswald	60
Sour Milk Force, near Buttermere	60
Howk Calbeck	50
Skelwith Force	20

J. B. Pyne del. T. Picken lith.

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Day & Son, Lith.rs to the Queen

CONISTON. WATER AND CONISTON OLD MAN

CONISTON WATER, AND CONISTON OLD MAN.

The spectator is here supposed to be looking across the head of the Lake towards Coniston Old Man, a mountain so entitled from its resemblance to a human figure. The road from Ulverstone to Coniston Water-Head leads along a narrow vale, picturesquely divided by hanging enclosures, and scattered farms, rising half-way up the sides of the mountains, whose crests are covered with heath and brown vegetation. The direction of the Lake is towards the sea, and among the attractions of its neighbourhood are Mr. Marshall's summer-seat and Coniston Hall.

Coniston Old Man rises to an elevation of 2577 feet, and is the loftiest peak seen in the background. The scenery of this Lake is tame when compared with the attractions of its neighbours. The view selected by the artist is one calculated to afford full scope to his genius, and has enabled him to present us with one of the most poetical skies of the whole series.

At the head of the Lake stands the New Inn, from which the ascent of the Old Man may be made. The geological character of the mountain is slate; for the excavation of which there are several large quarries, now for the most part abandoned. The produce of these quarries is usually conveyed down the Lake by means of boats, on their way to the port of Ulverston. Granite is to be found upon one part of the mountain, whilst around its side and base, syenitic boulders are scattered in great numbers. A narrow bed of transition limestone strikes across the country at the foot of the mountain. The "Old Man" is rich in metal; several veins of copper intersecting its eastern side. The ore is drawn in pyrites from the mine, which is situated in a large cove half a mile up the hill, and extends for upwards of half a mile in a horizontal direction, the vertical shafts penetrating two hundred yards in depth. These works have afforded employment to a large number of persons; as much as 2000*l.* having been paid in wages in a single month. They are now worked by a company, to whom they are leased by Lady Fleming, the lady of the manor and the proprietor of both the slate-quarries and the mines. The most desirable mode of ascending the Old Man is to start from the village of Coniston, on the Walna Scar Road, and proceed a short distance along the platform from which the mountain rises. The most magnificent views are to be obtained on a clear day from the Old Man. Skiddaw, Blencathara, Helvellyn, and Langdale Pikes, are all commanded by it; as well as a series of lakes, including of course the whole of that of Coniston. A splendid open view spreads from the base of the Old Man towards the south and south-east, which embraces Morecombe Bay, the estuaries of the Kent, Leven, and Duddon; the promontories of Furness and Cartmell; the Isle of Walney and a long line of coast extending to the mouths of the Wyre and the Ribble. Lancaster Castle is also distinctly visible; sometimes, indeed, it is even possible to discern, from this point, Snowdon and the mountains of the Principality.

From Coniston Water-Head the poetical-minded excursionist may follow the windings of the Duddon, immortalised by the Muse of Wordsworth, down to Leathwaite, Newfield, and the rocks whence the river issues from a narrow pass into a broad vale.

J. B. Pyne, delt — T. Picken, lith

London, Published June 1st 1859 by Day & Son, Gate Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields

Day & Son, Lith^rs to the Queen.

LAKE WINDERMERE

LAKE WINDERMERE, OR WINANDERMERE.

This scene is taken from the water, between Bowcroft and the Ferry House, looking down the Lake. The artist has here embodied the glories of a summer evening, just before the clouds put on their ruddy, burning tinge. Water, earth, and air, are bathed in beauty; the fleecy clouds hang in the upper region of the atmosphere, chequered by the empyrean blue of space. The tone of the whole subject is in harmony with the general character of the scenery around this Lake. There is a melting and graceful beauty about it, which charms the gazer into perfect repose. He involuntarily sympathises with the listless rowers in the covered barge. The whole atmosphere breathes heat, and the golden sky is reflected back from the gently-rippling water in blended beauty. The snow-white sail of the graceful yacht is tinged by the beams of the departing god of day, and scarcely swells to the zephyr's wing. Mr. Pyne never leaves his story half told, so we have the floating bottles, speaking of frolic, feast, and fun. The line of strong sunlight strikes out the reflection from the water—a passage as true to nature as charming in art.

This picture must be contrasted with the plate, from the same point of view, which appears in another part of this volume. Both represent the Lake under the same aspect, and, with the exception of the Regatta, under the same incidents. In this picture the spectator looks towards the light, and sees, consequently, the dark sides of all objects towards him. The whole subject is necessarily tinged with the light and colour of the rays of the setting sun.

The two principal feeders of this Lake are the Brathay and the Rothay, the former rising in the group of lofty mountains between Langdale and Borrowdale, and the latter partly from Rydal Water and partly out of the hills at the head of Ambleside. The lower part of the Lake is rarely visited, although it has many interesting points of view. In the church of Bowness, on its western bank, lie the remains of Bishop Watson of Llandaff; and at Elleray is the villa of Professor Wilson the poet, better known as Christopher North, the late Editor of "Blackwood's Magazine." On the lower bank of the Lake is Storrs Hall, the seat of Mr. Bolton. There are numerous islands on the surface of Windermere; on the largest of which, Belle Isle (consisting of thirty acres), stands the summer residence of H. Curwen, Esq.

Windermere should not only be seen from both its shores, but also from its surface. None of the other lakes present so many picturesque beauties to him who sails upon them as this. This arises partly from its superiority of size, its islands, and from the circumstance of its having two vales at its head, with their accompanying mountains. The grandeur of these two terminations can only be seen to advantage from the bosom of the Lake. In addition to the two vales at its head, Windermere communicates with two lateral valleys, those of Troutbeck and Hawkshead. Professor Wilson invokes Winander, after his recovery from a dangerous illness, in some fine lines, in which he awards it a preference over his native lakes of Scotland; and the hero of the "Excursion" is described as having been an enthusiastic admirer of its beauties.

J B Pyne, delt. T Picken, lith

London Published June 1st 1852 by Day & Son, Gate Street, Lincolns Inn Fields

Day & Son, Lith^rs to the Queen

LAKE WINDERMERE, REGATTA

WINDERMERE, AFTER THE REGATTA.

This view is taken from the same point as the preceding plate. The annual Regatta has been brought to a close, and we gather from the natural phenomena, so faithfully rendered, that the pleasure-seekers have had a favourable day for their enjoyment; we read, however, in the fleecy cirrus clouds, looking so calm and quiet in the upper regions of the air, that, not far distant, there have been storms, and that "broken weather" may be expected. "A mackerel sky, soon wet and soon dry," is a saying much relied upon by the local inhabitants. The banks of this Lake are rich, and varied in groves, woods, coppices, and corn-fields. The comparatively large valley of Troutbeck stretches away up betwixt the mountains of High Street and Hill Bell; each eminence is cultivated wherever the trees have been cleared away, and numerous villas are visible in the landscape, which, if not always tasteful in form, give indications of life and add variety to the scene. The mansion of Storrs, formerly belonging to John Bolton, and now the property of the Reverend James Staunaway, is seated amid finely-cultivated grounds, extending to the margin of the Lake. Canning, Sir Walter Scott, Wordsworth, Southey, and Wilson, were all visitors at this mansion on the occasion of the Regatta of 1824. "There were," says Mr. Lockhart, in his "Life of Walter Scott," "brilliant cavalcades in the morning, and delicious boatings by moonlight; and on the last day of their visit Professor Wilson (the Admiral of the Lake, as Canning called him) presided over one of the most splendid regattas that ever enlivened Windermere. There were not fewer than fifty barges following in the Professor's radiant procession when it paused at Storrs, to admit into the place of honour the vessel that carried Mr. Bolton and his distinguished guests. The three Bards of the Lakes led the cheers that hailed Scott and Canning, and music and sunshine, flags, streamers, and gay dresses, the merry hum of voices, and the rapid splashing of innumerable oars, made up a dazzling mixture of sensations as the flotilla wound its way among the richly-foliaged islands, and along bays and promontories, peopled by enthusiastic spectators."

The shores of Windermere contract somewhat suddenly at Bowness, and between the two promontories a ferry has long been established. In 1635 a lady and gentleman, who had been to Hawkshead to be married, were lost, with fifty of their followers, on the passage. "In crossing the water at the ferry," says Mrs. Radcliffe, "the illusion of vision gave force to the northern mountains, which, viewed from hence, seemed to ascend from the margin and spread around in a magnificent amphitheatre." From the road from Bowness to Ambleside there is a view, to which Professor Wilson declares that there is nothing to compare in the hanging-gardens of Babylon. Here is the widest expanse of water, the richest fore-ground of wood, and the most magnificent back-ground of mountains, not only in Westmoreland, but in all the world. Langdale Pikes are easily recognised; and on the left of Bow Fell the summit of Scawfell Pike is faintly seen. From the surface of the Lake, near Silver Bow, the peak of Helvellyn is visible. As the outlet of the Lake is approached it narrows rapidly, and becomes literally "Wooded Windermere, the *river* lake." The stream that issues from it takes the name of Leven.

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WINDERMERE AS SEEN FROM ORREST HEAD

WINDERMERE, FROM ORREST HEAD.

This comprehensive picture exhibits almost the whole of Lake Windermere, the English Zürich. Seen from this point of view, it has the appearance of a noble river, and a short walk to the heights will repay the tourist with some fine combinations of mountain, wood, and water. The view from Orrest Head is magnificent. Mr. Wordsworth, than whom no one was better acquainted with, or more able to discriminate between the comparative splendour of lake scenes, dwells with enthusiasm on the beauties of Orrest in his journal on the "Projected Kendal and Windermere Railway," and appears to have referred to this neighbourhood in his eloquent denunciation of the projected invasion of its retirement:—

"Is there no nook of English ground secure
From rash assault? Schemes of retirement sown
In youth, and 'mid the busy world kept pure
As when their earliest flow'rs of hope were blown,
Must perish; how can they this blight endure?
And must he, too, the ruthless change bemoan
Who scorns a false utilitarian lure
'Mid his paternal fields at random thrown?
Baffle the threat, bright scene from Orrest Head!
Given to the pausing traveller's rapturous glance;
Plead for thy peace, thou beautiful romance
Of nature; and, if human hearts be dead,
Speak, passing winds; ye torrents, with your strong
And constant voice, protest against the wrong!"

It must have been a source of consolation to the indignant poet to have learned before he died that the desecration of his favourite scenes, of which he had complained so eloquently, has not proved, in a pecuniary point of view, a very lucrative speculation. In these days of universal progress, the Lakes must share the fate of all places whose attractions are of an order to draw admiring visitors towards them, and we can therefore hardly help sympathising with Mr. Monckton Milnes in his apostrophe to Mr. Wordsworth on the subject of the above sonnet:—

"The hour may come,—nay, must—in these our days,
When the harsh steam-car with the cataract's shout
Shall mingle its swift roll, and motley rout
Of multitudes these mountain echoes raise.
And thou, the patriarch of these pleasant ways,
Canst hardly grudge that crowded streets send out
In Sabbath glee the sons of care and doubt,
To read these scenes by the light of thy own lays!
Disorder'd laughter, and encounter rude,
The poet's finer sense perchance may pain,
Yet many a glade and nook of solitude,
For quiet walk and thought, will still remain,
Where he the poor intruders may elude,
Nor lose one golden dream for all their homely gain!"

Beyond Orrest Head are Elleray, the residence of Professor Wilson; Troutbeck Chapel, commemorated by the same poet; Calgarth, Lowood, and Doves' Nest; the last-mentioned cottage having been for a short time the residence of Mrs. Hemans. The Professor has described the cottage at Elleray in one of his most beautiful poems.

WINDERMERE WATER HEAD

WINDERMERE WATERHEAD.

The point of view selected by Mr. Pyne, for this picture, is a space behind the turnpike, on the road from Ambleside to the Lake, and we are here presented with one of the wildest scenes of the most important Lake of the district. The principal mountains observable from this locality, are Loughrigg Fell, Langdale Pikes, and Oxen Fell Cross. These, with mountains of minor importance, constitute the picture. The Lake stretches away to the left; but is shut out from view by the broken foreground. The peculiar cloud and atmospheric effects are happily rendered. The gleam of light in the middle distances gives additional value to the deep purple tone between the clouds and the mountains, and also adds blackness to the rolling masses of vapour.

Windermere is the largest of the English Lakes, being ten miles in length, and nearly a mile at its greatest breadth. The Rothay and the Brathay, which unite near Croft Lodge, pour their united waters into the head of the Lake. There is a curious fact in ichthyology connected with these rivers. The charr and trout, at the approach of the spawning season, may be seen proceeding, side by side, up to the point where the Rothay and Brathay meet; when they uniformly separate, as if by a mutual understanding, the charr invariably taking the Rothay, and the trout the Brathay. The geologist will, in all probability, account for the anomaly by alleging a difference in the quality of the water of the respective streams originating in the geological peculiarities of their beds. Whatever the cause may be, the fact has never been disputed.

Having entered more in detail into the history of this Lake in the description of engravings, which present more extended views of its waters and banks, in another part of this work, we must refer our readers to them for the general characteristics of its scenery.

The form of the Lake, says Mr. Wordsworth, is most perfect when it least resembles that of a river,—that is, when being looked at from any given point where the whole may be seen at once, its width bears such a proportion to its length, that, however the outline may be diversified, it never assumes the shape of a river, but is a body of still water, under the influence of no current; reflecting, therefore, the clouds, the light, and all the imagery of the sky and the mountains around it; yielding to the lightest breeze, but being subject only to the agitation of the winds. Although liable, from its great length and comparatively narrow width, to this objection, when viewed from some elevated point, commanding its entire surface, there is much diversity in Windermere Lake; and its islands, and richly-wooded shores, and impending mountains, prevent the view from becoming, under any phase, or from whatever point, monotonous.

There is a beautiful cluster of islands in the Lake, on one of which (Chapel Holm) there was formerly an oratory, consecrated to the Virgin; as there was, about the same era, a chantry, in which mass used to be sung, on St. Herbert's Island, Derwentwater. The cluster of islands on that lake is, however, greatly inferior in beauty to that of Windermere.

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KYDAL WATER

RYDAL WATER.

There is no scene throughout the English Lake District, with which such intellectual recollections are associated as with Rydal Water. Although one of the smallest of the lakes, it is far from being the least picturesque; but it derives its chief interest from its connexion with the name of the greatest of our modern poets, William Wordsworth. The painter might have been gifted with a prophetic vision in having invested the scene with so solemn a character. Lake and mountain are in mourning. He who has given a deathless fame to the spot is himself dead. All that was mortal of the poet reposes in peace; but his spirit still lives, and his words of simplicity and truth will speak to men through all time. The view is taken from the foot of the lake, and represents the sun as setting behind Silver How.

Rydal Mere is about a mile and a half from Ambleside, and some sixteen miles from Keswick. The Lake scenery on the whole is bare of trees; the neighbourhood of Rydal forms, however, an exception to the rule: for, notwithstanding the havoc that has been made among "the fathers of the forest" elsewhere, Rydal Mount is still nobly wooded. Rydal Mere is, from its position, peculiarly liable to be disturbed by storms. Mr. Wordsworth witnessed a storm upon it, on one occasion, that seemed to carry its waves from their bed into the sky; sending up to a vast height, from time to time, columns of water like an Icelandic Geyser, or boiling fountain.

Rydal Mount, destined to be for ever associated in our minds with the poetry of English Lake scenery, as the residence for thirty-seven years of William Wordsworth, is situated on the sloping side of a rocky hill called "Nab Scar,"—that is to say, the nose-like rock or scar. The form of the house, which is far from picturesque, has long been made familiar to poetical readers by a vignette prefixed to a recent edition of Mr. Wordsworth's works. Rydal Mount is built of stone, obtained in the neighbourhood; somewhat rudely, it is true; but its rough, weather-beaten aspect accords so much the better with the scenery around it. It has been remarked, that houses built with the stone of the district accord best with the local landscape—they are more in "keeping." This is a fact worthy of consideration by those about to build. The approach is by a flight of stone steps, which leads to a small semicircular area of grey gravel, bordered with shrubs and flowers. The house, completing the diameter of the circle, is plain in elevation. It presents a front with two tiers of five windows each. The east gable is lighted on the ground-floor by the window of the old hall, and is of considerably earlier date than other parts of the building. From its front may be seen Lake Windermere. The stone steps in front of the house lead directly to a sloping terrace, about two hundred and fifty feet long. Beneath the wall of this terrace is a level walk, formerly a favourite resort of the poet. Both these terraces command beautiful views of the vale of the Rothay and the banks of Lake Windermere. The ascending terrace leads to an arbour lined with fir-cones, from which is obtained a view of the lower end of Rydal Lake, and of the long, wooded, and rocky hill of Loughrigg, beyond and above it. The "Far Terrace," after taking a serpentine direction for about a hundred and fifty feet, terminates with a little gate, beyond which is a beautiful spring of water, also immortalised by the Poet's Muse. Inscriptions are placed in various parts of the grounds; but, with a single exception, they are hardly worthy the poet's genius. Wordsworth removed from Grasmere to Rydal in 1813, and continued to reside there until his death in 1850. The Artist took his sketch a month before this event.

J B Pyne, del.—T Picken, lith

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GRASMERE FROM LOUGHRIGG FELL

GRASMERE, FROM LOUGHRIGG FELL.

This scene is passed on the coach-road to Keswick, and has been taken from Loughrigg Fell. The Lake is about one mile and a quarter in length, and one-third of a mile in breadth. It has a single island in the centre. At Helm Crag there are numerous erratic blocks of great size, as there are in many other districts of the Lakes. Learned men of olden time have been sorely puzzled by their existence, and have fancied them into a variety of eccentric forms. The geologist knows that they owe their position and arrangement to primeval bergs and floes of ice, either when old Ocean swept the submerged vales, or when glaciers ground the lofty crags. In these mountains there are indisputable geological evidences of both conditions. A quiet of evening is finely embodied; the descending sun is shedding its beams in slanting rays; night is creeping through the valleys and "about the ditches;" black shadows clothe the mountains' sides. The tourist will at once recognise the poetic truth of this rendering of the scene.

Wordsworth and his sister resided for eight years in a cottage at Grasmere, afterwards occupied by Mr. De Quincey; which cottage still exists, and is situated on the right of what was formerly the coach-road to Ambleside, at a part of the village called the Town End. The house-front faces Grasmere Lake.[1] Many of Wordsworth's poems were written in this locality.

The character of the eastern shore of Grasmere Lake has undergone considerable alteration since Wordsworth resided in the adjacent village. The grove at the north-east end of the Lake was, in a great measure, destroyed by turning the highroad along this side of the water. The few trees that are left standing were spared at Wordsworth's intercession. The Poet and his sister took possession of their cottage at Grasmere on St. Thomas's Day, 1799, and in that modest residence many of his most popular poems were written. He has described the church, an ancient structure, with much fidelity, in "The Excursion." From this cottage he removed, in 1811, to the Parsonage, and thence, in 1813, to Rydal, having lived in the Vale of Grasmere twelve years. The Poet Gray visited Grasmere in 1769, and describes it with great enthusiasm. "The bosom of the mountains (says he) spreading here into a broad basin, discovers in the midst Grasmere Water. Its margin is hollowed into small bays, with bold eminences, some of rock, some of soft turf, that half conceal and vary the figures of the little lake they command. From the shore a low promontory pushes itself far into the water, and on it stands a white village, with the parish church rising in the midst of it. Hanging enclosures, cornfields, and meadows green as an emerald, with their trees, and hedges, and cattle, fill up the whole space from the edge of the water. Not a single red tile, no flaring gentleman's house or garden walls, break in upon the repose of this little unsuspected paradise; but all is peace, rusticity, and happy poverty in its neatest and most becoming attire."

The descent from Langdale to the Vale of Grasmere has been described by Wordsworth; and Wilson, in his "City of the Plague," has given us a charming calotype of Grasmere Churchyard:—

> "A vernal spot,
> Enclosed with wooded rocks, where a few graves
> Lie sheltered, sleeping in eternal calm.
> Go thither when you will, and that sweet spot
> Is bright with sunshine."

[1] "Gras-mere," the Green Lake.

J. B. Pyne del.t _T. Picken, lith.

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BROTHERS' WATER

BROTHERS' WATER.

This lake, or rather large tarn, lies in a huge niche of the mountains on the road leading from Ambleside to Patterdale, and is said to have derived its name from the fact of two brothers having been drowned in it whilst skating. The Lake is represented as frozen over; and, notwithstanding the fatality to which it is said to owe its name, the adventurous skater is daring danger in pursuit of his exhilarating exercise. A deep and mournful gloom pervades the vale, and shadows the glassy pool; the retiring sun gilds the upper peaks and crags, denoting the speedy close of day. Mr. Wordsworth has published a poem, written at the foot of Brothers' Water, in which the well-known lines occur:—

"The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one."

On descending from Kirkstone towards Patterdale the road passes close to Brothers' Water. Wordsworth has a poem on the Pass of Kirkstone, in which he alludes to

"The block, and yon, whose church-like frame
Gives to the savage pass its name."

Professor Sedgwick says of the erratic blocks which everywhere abound in the Lake District, that many of them, though lying bare upon the surface and exposed to all the action of this damp climate, still clink under the hammer, and hardly show more signs of decay than an Egyptian obelisk. One thing is, he assures us, certain,—that by whatever cause they were carried across our valleys and over our mountains, their dispersion took place at a comparatively recent date—after the creation of the human race. The character of the scenery in this neighbourhood is thus described by Wordsworth:—

"Where, save the rugged road, we find
No appanage of human kind;
Nor hint of man, if stone or rock
Seem not his handy-work to mock
By something cognizably shaped;
Mockery, or model, roughly hewn,
Or from the flood escaped;
Altars for Druid service fit
(But where no fire was ever lit,
Unless the glow-worm to the skies
Thence offer nightly sacrifice);
Wrinkled Egyptian monument;
Green moss-grown tower, or hoary tent;
Tents of a camp that never shall be razed,
On which four thousand years have gazed."

On descending Kirkstone towards Patterdale a view of Brothers' Water and the heights of Patterdale is obtained. The road runs close to the Lake for some distance, and then turns at right angles across the meadows.

HAWES WATER AND WALLER'S LL. FORCE

HAWES WATER AND WALLERGILL FORCE.

This small Lake, three miles long by half a mile broad, is seldom visited, whilst the waterfall is almost unknown. There are, however, few finer or more picturesque views in the entire district. The Lake and Fall are both seen from one point. The view is taken from the west side of the Lake, and the mountains behind Mardale Head are seen closing in the distance. The rocks and falling water are rendered with great truth and power: we see the rush and almost hear the sound. The best approach to Hawes Water is through Long Sleddale, a deep narrow valley turning somewhat westward into the mountains. "This Lake," says Mr. Wordsworth, "is a sort of lesser Ulleswater, with this advantage, that it remains undefiled by the intrusion of bad taste;" and, from the remoteness of its situation, is long likely to remain so. The eastern bank is clothed by natural wood, of no great size or beauty, but richly feathering the hill-side and shore of the Lake. We pass along to it by narrow lanes, enclosed by thickly-lichened walls, tufted with wild flowers, and crested by hedges. A narrow band of limestone crosses the valley, the shales of which abound with Lower Silurian fossils.

Hawes Water is almost divided by the projection of a promontory of cultivated land from its north-west side, which leaves a width of little more than from two hundred and fifty to three hundred yards. Its head is encompassed by lofty mountains, but they exhibit less variety of outline than those of Derwent Water and Ulleswater. Its eastern side is bounded by Naddle Forest, the lower part completely wooded; beyond which the hill-side is dotted with aged thorns. The western side is more cultivated. Opposite the head of the Lake, Castle Crag is a prominent feature of the landscape. The fish of this lake, trout, perch, and eels, are preserved by the Lowther family, to whom Hawes Water belongs.[1]

"Its eastern shore," says Mrs. Anne Radcliffe, "rises on a tremendous ridge of rocks, darkened with wood to the summit, and appears to terminate in Wallow Crag, a promontory of towering height, beyond which the Lake winds from the view. The finely-broken mountains on the west are covered with heath, and their tops impend in crags and precipices, but their descent from the water is less sudden than that of the opposite rocks, and they are skirted by a narrow margin of vivid green, on which cattle are feeding; and tufted shrubs and little groves overhang the Lake, and are reflected in its dark surface." As we wind along the banks a second expanse is disclosed, with scenery yet more towering and sublime. The view appears to be terminated by the huge mountain called Castle Street. Among the rocks at the entrance of a glen, almost choked with fragments from the heights, stands the chapel of Martindale. Among the Fells of this dark prospect, are Lathale, Helter Crag, Castle Crag, and Riggindale; their bold outlines appearing beyond each other as they fall into the upper part of the Lake, some of them exhibiting only masses of shattered rock. Kidslow Pike is pre-eminent among the crowding summits beyond the eastern spire; whilst in the west, High Street, which overlooks the head of Ulleswater, is the most dignified of the mountains.

[1] The ghost of James Lowther, the first Earl of Lonsdale, is said to haunt the promontory of this Lake; and, if as a purgatorial punishment, that of the late Earl ought to undergo a similar penance for keeping the Poet Wordsworth so long out of his little patrimony. The obstinacy of the father has, however, been nobly atoned for by the generosity of the son; who not only acquitted the poet's claim, but heaped numerous benefits upon him.

J. B. Pyne del^t_T. Picken, lith.

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LANGDALE PIKES

LANGDALE PIKES.

This view is taken looking due north from Blea Tarn, a lakelet on little Langdale. The name *Tarn* implies a small sheet of water, usually high up among the mountains. Langdale Pikes are seen through a vapoury haze, which imparts a purple tint to their porphyritic sides; the rugged summit outline is, however, sharp and well defined. The prevailing character of the rocks to the right is rendered with clearness, decision, and truth. The higher Pike is designated Harrison Stickle, and is 2400 feet in height; the lower one is known as Pike o' Stickle, and is of some hundred feet less elevation. *Stickle* signifies an abrupt, sharp, pyramidical peak; from the German word *stachel*, a sharp point. The crystalline and coloured rocks are in keeping with the mountain vegetation, which is faithfully depicted. Little Langdale and Blea Tarn may be approached by car. The landscape has been described by Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Wilson. The last-mentioned poet says,—"Sweeter stream scenery, with richer foreground and loftier background, is nowhere to be seen within the four seas."

Blea Tarn has been commemorated by Mr. Wordsworth in his "Excursion." He supposes the spectator to look down upon it, not from the road, but from one of its elevated sides:—

> "Beneath our feet a little lowly vale,
> A lowly vale, and yet uplifted high
> Among the mountains; even as if the spot
> Had been from earliest time, by wish of theirs,
> So placed to be shut out from all the world!
> Urn-like it was in shape—deep as an urn,
> With rocks encompassed, save that on the south
> Was one small opening, where a heath-clad ridge
> Supplied a boundary less abrupt and close;
> A quiet, treeless nook, with two green fields,
> A liquid pool that glittered in the sun,
> And one bare dwelling—one abode, no more!"

It is, however, no longer "treeless," several plantations having been formed in its neighbourhood, which are progressing satisfactorily.

At this point, the highest Pike is about three miles from the eye, and Stickle Pike, which recedes towards the Pass of the Stake into Borrowdale, is about four. The towering rock between the two Pikes is called Gimmer Crag. From Stickle Pike there is a fine view of Skiddaw and the Vale of Bassenthwaite; the former of which is seen but partially, and the latter not at all, from Harrison Stickle. Great Gable rears its head to the west; Great End is a little nearer the eye; Scawfell, 3166 feet high, and "The Pikes," 3100 feet high, are pre-eminent over the summit of Bowfell. Crinkle Crags are a continuation of Bowfell on the south, and on the south-west are Coniston Mountains; on the east are the mountains of Rydal and Grasmere; and on the north-east rises the "dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn."

Coleridge alludes to the mountain echoes, and a local superstition connected with Langdale Pikes, in some lines, which our limits will not permit us to quote; Wordsworth refers to them more than once in his poems.

J. B. Pyne del.t — T. Picken, lith.

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THIRLEMERE AND WYTHEBURN

THIRLEMERE OR WYTHEBURN.

Thirlemere is sometimes described as Wytheburn Water and sometimes as Leathes Water. It is called Leathes Water from having been for many generations the property of the family of the Leathes or Laithes, of Dalehead; and occasionally Wytheburn, after the village of that name on its banks. Its borders are not wooded like those of other lakes, with the exception of a few fir-plantations, which only tend to increase the gloominess of the scene. There is an air of solemn grandeur about the valley, which is highly poetical, and which continues with little change for several miles, when, leaving Helvellyn behind, it opens on the vale of St. John. From the road, about a mile distant from Keswick, at the top of Castlerigg Brow, one of the richest scenes is gradually unfolded that can be enjoyed from any carriage-road in the north of England. Thirlemere is a comparatively small sheet of water; one mile broad at its greatest width; its length, two and three-quarter miles; its greatest depth, 108 feet; and its surface, 473 feet above medium tide level. It washes the base of Helvellyn.

The ascent of Helvellyn is frequently made from the comfortable little inn at Wytheburn. Thirlemere is fed chiefly by two streams: one rising in Wytheburn Head, and the other issuing out of Harrop Tarn; a marshy pool of considerable size high up on the western side of the valley. From Wytheburn Chapel the carriage-road winds by the base of Helvellyn and the margin of the lake.

In some fine lines, the leading idea of which is borrowed from Drayton's "Polyolbion," Mr. Wordsworth thus describes the effect of the echoes among the mountains in this vicinity. A young lady (whose lungs must have been tolerably vigorous) "laughed aloud:"—

> "The rock, like something starting from a sleep,
> Took up the lady's voice and laughed again;
> That ancient woman seated on Helmcrag
> Was ready with her cavern; Hammarscar,
> And the tall steep of Silver Bow, sent forth
> A noise of laughter; southern Loughrigg heard,
> And Fairfield answered with a mountain tone;
> Helvellyn far into the clear blue sky
> Carried the lady's voice; old Skiddaw blew
> His speaking-trumpet; back out of the clouds
> Of Glaramara, southward, came the voice;
> And Kirkstone toss'd it from its misty head."

Scott has a similar but even finer passage in "Marmion," describing the echoes of a convent-bell.

The view of Thirlemere, which has afforded an excuse for this digression, represents a most charming assemblage of valley, hill, lake, and mountain scenery. The huge erratic rocks to the right of the picture, were probably floated to their present destination in vast icebergs, or were torn from their mountain-beds by the moving avalanche, incalculable ages since. The family group, with their canvas-tent, breathe of present quietude and peace. The stream that issues from Thirlemere passes through the vale of St. John, the scene of Sir Walter Scott's "Bridal of Triermain." Helvellyn has supplied a theme to the muses of Wordsworth, Scott, Southey, Coleridge, Procter, and other less popular poets.

J. B. Pyne del.t. T. Fielding lith.

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ULLESWATER

ULLESWATER, FROM GOWBARROW PARK.

This Lake, which is nine miles in length, is partitioned by mountains into three separate reaches, and resembles in some respects, in form, the letter Z. The middle reach is somewhat the longest of the three, on the north of which is situated Gowbarrow Park. The season of the year in which this picture has been painted is evidently autumn, as is indicated by the richly-coloured, though fading foliage. The foreground represents a scene of sylvan beauty; the fallen oak, stripped of its bark, and partially divested of its massive branches, lies prostrate; the waggon has been loaded, and the weary woodmen indulge in a few moments' rest. The quiet Lake, closed in by mountains and presenting a most picturesque outline, is seen in the middle distance, reflecting its banks and the sky. Gowbarrow Park comprises upwards of a thousand acres, and combines "many a grace of forest charms decayed." Only a small portion of Ulleswater is seen in this picture; as, although the district abounds with sites of interest, and scenes of grandeur or beauty, there is no single point which combines more than is here presented to view.

With the exception of Windermere, Ulleswater is the largest of the English Lakes. There are several roads by which it may be approached, of which three are from Keswick; but the route usually selected is that from Ambleside to the celebrated Pass of Kirkstone. The Lake of Ulleswater is four hundred and sixty feet above the level of the sea; that is to say, three hundred and forty feet higher than Windermere. Mr. Wordsworth recommends the tourist to approach this Lake by Pooley Bridge, along the Westmoreland side of the water towards Martindale. He has immortalised the Pass of Kirkstone in a poem to which we have elsewhere referred. The average depth of Ulleswater is said to be thirty-five fathoms. Mr. Wordsworth relates an instance of atmospheric illusion in regard to this Lake, which deserves to be recorded. Walking, one September morning, by its banks, he saw, deep within its bosom, what seemed to him a magnificent castle, with towers and battlements, perfectly clear and distinct. It was, in fact, the reflection of Lyulph's Tower, the turrets and battlements being so magnified as to be scarcely recognisable. Similar effects have been seen in the larger foreign lakes. In that of Geneva, for example, the reflection of Mont Blanc, though entirely out of sight of the naked eye, may sometimes be observed.

The waterfall of Airy, or Ara Force, in this neighbourhood, is the scene of Mr. Wordsworth's beautiful poem, "The Somnambulist," in which a knightly lover arrives from the wars only in time to see his betrothed walking in a trance by the side of the torrent. In his attempt to awaken her, she is precipitated into the water, and although rescued by her betrothed and restored to consciousness, dies in his arms a few moments afterwards.

J B. Pyne, del^t T Picken, lith^h

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WAST WATER

WAST WATER.

This picture is taken from a point about a mile from the bottom of the Lake. "Wast Water"[1] is not often visited by tourists, being out of the beaten track, and not presenting those charming varieties to be found in the more approachable scenes. There is, however, much of that savage grandeur which Salvator Rosa delighted to depict—bare rocks, dark, shadowed water, wild-looking, sombre clouds, half hiding mountains, valley, and lake—birds float midway up the mountains' sides, and yet are almost lost to sight in transparent air, so vast is the scenery in this, the grandest Lake of the district. The lower end of the Lake is comparatively flat and tame; on the right, the "screes" (loose stones lying on the face of steeps, at the foot of the precipice from which they have fallen) rise up in one unbroken line from the water to a height of many hundred feet. At the head of the Lake is Wast Dale, and some distance inland may be seen Great Gable, Great End, "The Pikes," and Fen Fell. This scene is represented under its characteristic feature; gloom and storm are gathering in the distance; a dark curtain of shadow is more than half drawn.

The Lake is about three and a half miles in length by half a mile broad; its extreme depth is said to be about 270 feet. The rocks, bare of vegetation, from their loose nature and abrupt slopes, impart an air of desolation to the scenery.

There are some magnificent views from Sty Head Pass, which is at the head of Wast Dale. The finest view of the lake and valley combined is the one here represented. Sty Head is 1250 feet above the level of the sea; it is, in fact, the lower shoulder of Scawfell, the loftiest mountain in the Lake district. The road to Wast Dale and Wast Water descends from the pass of Sty Head down the side of "Great Gable." The lower end of the Lake has few attractions, and tourists are accordingly recommended to proceed upwards from that direction, in order that they may enjoy a full view of the sublimities that encompass it towards its head. Eskdale, Birker Force, and Stanley Gill Waterfalls, are usually visited from this neighbourhood.

Mr. Wordsworth mentions a magnificent sunset which he watched from opposite the lofty precipice at Wast Water which is called the Screes:—"The ridge of it was broken into sundry points, and along them, and partly along the valley of the steep, went driving a procession of yellow vapoury clouds from the sea quarter towards the mountain Scawfell. Their colour I have called yellow; but it was exquisitely varied, and the shapes of the rocks on the summit of the ridge varied with the density or thinness of the vapour. The effect was most enchanting, for right above was steadfastly fixed a beautiful rainbow."[2]

There is a simplicity and severity about Wast Water which is not to be found in any of the neighbouring lakes, excepting perhaps that of Ennerdale, which is equally barren, but inferior in the height and ruggedness of its mountain boundaries. Wast Water is seen to most advantage on approaching it from the open country by the strands at its foot, rather than by Sty Head; the latter road enters Wast Dale at the head of the Lake, and can only be taken on foot or on horseback. As, however, the path is in many places ill-defined, it were well not to attempt it without a guide.

[1] "Wast Water," wild or waste water.

[2] Letter to Lady Frederick Bentinck.

J.B. Pyne, del. T. Picken, lith.

London, Published June 1st 1859 by Day & Son, Gate Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields

Day & Son Lith.rs to the Queen

THE VALES OF ENNERDALE AND BUTTERMERE

THE VALES OF ENNERDALE AND BUTTERMERE.

We have here one of the grandest scenes in the whole of the Lake District. The view has been taken from a point situated between Great Gable and Honister Crag. To the right, we have a small mountain tarn; next, Buttermere, Crummoch Water, and Lowes Water; the extreme distance being bounded by the Solway Frith. Having elsewhere described Buttermere, Crummoch Water, and Lowes Water, we will venture to occupy the space left us in the present page with statistics of the mountains of the Lake District: —

Names of Mountains.	Height in Feet.	County.	Names of Mountains.	Height in Feet.	County.
Scawfell Pike	3166	Cumberland.	Pike of Stickle[1]	2300	Westmoreland.
Scawfell	3100	Cumberland.	Carrock Fell	2110	Cumberland.
Helvellyn	3055	Cumberland and Westmoreland.	High Pike, Caldbeck Fells	2101	Cumberland.
			Causey Pike	2030	Cumberland.
Skiddaw	3022	Cumberland.	Black Combe	1919	Cumberland.
Fairfield	2950	Westmoreland.	Lord's Seat	1728	Cumberland.
Great Gable	2925	Cumberland.	Honister Crag	1700	Cumberland.
Bowfell	2914	Westmoreland.	Wansfell	1590	Westmoreland.
Rydal Head	2910	Westmoreland.	Whinfell Beacon	1500	Westmoreland.
Pillar	2893	Cumberland.	Cat Bell	1448	Cumberland.
Saddleback	2787	Cumberland.	Latrigg	1160	Cumberland.
Grassmoor	2756	Cumberland.	Dent Hill	1110	Cumberland.
Red Pike	2750	Cumberland.	Benson Knot	1098	Westmoreland.
High Street	2700	Westmoreland.	Loughrigg Fell	1108	Westmoreland.
Grisedale Pike	2680	Cumberland.	Penrith Beacon	1020	Cumberland.
Coniston Old Man	2577	Lancashire.	Mell Fell	1000	Cumberland.
Hill Bell	2500	Westmoreland.	Kendal Fell	648	Westmoreland.
Harrison Stickle[1]	2400	Westmoreland.	Scilly Bank	500	Cumberland.

The following are the principal Mountain Passes: —

Names of Mountain Passes.	Height in Feet.	County.
Sty Head	1250	Cumberland.
Haws, between Buttermere Dale and Newlands	1160	Cumberland.
Kirkstone	1200	Westmoreland.
Haws, between Buttermere and Borrowdale	1100	Cumberland.
Dunmail Raise	729	Cumberland and Westmoreland.

The mountains of the Lake District which are oftenest ascended by tourists are Scawfell, Helvellyn, Skiddaw, Coniston Old Man, and Langdale Pikes. Wordsworth has a beautiful sonnet in honour of British mountains: —

"Pelion and Ossa flourished side by side,
Together in immortal books enrolled:
His ancient dower Olympus hath not sold,
And that aspiring hill which did divide
Into two ample horns his forehead wide,
Shines with poetic radiance as of old;
While not an English mountain we behold
By the celestial Muses glorified!
Yet round our sea-girt shores they rise in crowds.
What was the great Parnassus' self to thee,
Mount Skiddaw? In its natural sovereignty
Our British hill is nobler; far he shrouds
His double front amid Atlantic clouds,
And pours forth streams more sweet than Castaly!"

Wordsworth, Southey, Wilson, S. T. Coleridge, and his son Hartley, Scott, Lamb, Procter (Barry Cornwall), with many other bards of minor note, have rendered their homage to our English mountains.

[1] Harrison Stickle and Pike of Stickle are better known by the designation of Langdale Pikes.

J B Pyne delt — T Packer lith.

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Day & Son, Lith.rs to the Queen

ENNERDALE LAKE

ENNERDALE LAKE.

This view is taken from the foot of the Lake; Great Gable, 2925 feet high, may be seen from the middle of the Lake. The chief object in the centre of the picture is the Pillar, 2893 feet high. This mountain is almost wholly composed of green stone. The steep, abrupt, and rugged rocks to the right, are irruptive matters, igneous in their character; and are composed of red felspar, with quartz interspersed. Distinct hornblend is rarely observable; but there is a variable admixture of soft mineral, alternating in colour betwixt green and yellow. The rocks of Ennerdale are of the same mineralogical character as the felopathic masses of the Vale of St. John. Some of these rocks have been forced through the middle slates in a molten state, cracks and fissures of the slate being filled by compact felopathic and porphyritic rock. The geological features of a district may seem to have little to do with a pictorial representation of the scene; but if these few hints should induce a single careless observer of nature to become a thoughtful and studious examinant of the wonders beneath his feet, around and above him, in cloud and sky, they will not have been offered in vain. The material composing the mountains of the Lake District, lay, at some remote period of the planetary history, quiescent, fathoms deep, until piled gravity kindled into fresh activity those ever-living fires which lift new lands to their birth, as old ocean, sunlight, mists, frosts, avalanche, rain, and rivers, waste the upper, to feed the lower masses of the solid crust.

Ennerdale is not so much visited as the more accessible lakes. The roads to it are difficult, and there is a wild barrenness in its neighbourhood which prevents permanent residence: there is, accordingly, a deficiency of the accommodation demanded for numerous visitors. The Lake is about nine miles to the east of Whitehaven, and four miles south of Loweswater. It is two and a half miles long, by three-quarters of a mile in its greatest breadth; and about eighty feet in its greatest depth. The surface of the water is upwards of 200 feet above the sea. The small stream which enters at its head is called the Liza. The river issuing from the Lake is named the Ehen. Water is taken from this river some two miles below to supply the town of Whitehaven. It is singularly pure and soft; having only about one degree of hardness, Thames water having sixteen degrees.

The pedestrian may traverse the whole length of the vale, and he will find, at the upper end of the Lake, that the mountains form magnificent groups, wild, lonely, and desolate. A shepherd's path has been trodden along the banks of the Liza. Buttermeredale may be reached from Ennerdale. There is a road over a pass, called the Scarf Gap, into Buttermere, but it is seldom attempted; the want of halting-places for refreshment and shelter rendering the excursion troublesome, if not perilous, in stormy weather. The most convenient road, although the longest, is by Lamplugh, where there is a comfortable little hostelry, called the Boat-House. The upper part of Ennerdale is entitled the Vale of Gillerthwaite.

The meteorology of this district is no less interesting than its geology. On the summit of Great Gable[1] there is a small hollow in the rock never free from water, having no subterranean spring, but being fed by vapour.

[1] "Great Gable." resembling the gable-end of a house.

J.M. Leyland del. J.T. Erskine lith

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Day & Son Lith.rs to the Queen

BUTTERMERE

BUTTERMERE.

This view is taken from the higher part of the village, looking up and over the Lake towards Honister Crag. The painter has depicted a storm coming on. Dark clouds cap the mountains, and rain is falling. The poor sheep flee instinctively from the warring elements. There is no wilder scenery in the Lake District than that which surrounds Buttermere. The Lake, which is a mile and a quarter in length, and somewhat more than half a mile in breadth, is bounded on the east by Buttermere Moss and Great Robinson; and on the west by the Haystacks (so called from their peculiar form), High Crag, High Stile, and Red Pike; whilst Fleetwith and Honister Crag, at the head of the Lake, seem to shut out all communication southwards. At the north end, or outlet, it is separated from Crummoch Water by meadows, woods, and hedgerows, over which are seen, in the distance, Lowes Water and Lorton.

The geology of this district is very interesting. Red Pyke is a huge syenitic mass, and the greater portion of the chain of rugged hills between Buttermere, Crummoch Water, Lowes Water, and Ennerdale, are irruptive igneous masses, which have been forced through the middle slates in a molten state, as in some parts they have overspread them. These irruptive rocks are composed mostly of red felspar, with quartz interspersed. Syenite is a compound granular rock, composed of quartz, hornblend, and felspar. It differs from granite only in containing hornblend instead of mica. The name is from Syene, in Upper Egypt. Many of the monuments and statues of that wonderful country are cut in syenite. Felspar is composed of silex, alumine, lime, and potash. There are many beautiful varieties of felspar in this neighbourhood.

During winter, the inhabitants of the village of Buttermere and vales are (by falls of snow) frequently shut out (or in) from the rest of the world for weeks at a time. The waters of the Lake, being overshadowed by its barrier mountains, are black and sullen-looking; the whole scenery is calculated to inspire grand and solemn impressions. The melancholy story of Mary, "the beauty of Buttermere," is calculated to add interest to the scene.

To visit Scale Force, in its immediate vicinity, with any degree of comfort, requires half a day. The road on foot is rough, mossy, and wet, if the low-land is chosen; and rough, rocky, and dangerous, if the excursionist selects higher ground. The waterfall is in a gloomy chasm, formed by what geologists term a *dyke* or *fault*. There is no great body of water, excepting during or immediately after rain; but, much or little, it is at all times projected from a fearful height, and is broken into spray and mist before it reaches the base of the fall. The botanist will find, in this locality, many common and some rare specimens of ferns and mosses, elegant in form, graceful in outline, and rich in colour.

The artist has depicted faithfully the visible outlines of the landscape from a select point of sight; but there is also something of the poetry of nature conveyed in his representation of the scene.

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CRUMMOCK WATER

CRUMMOCH WATER.

This Lake is about three miles long by three quarters of a mile wide. Its extreme depth is one hundred and thirty-two feet. The grand mountain forms of the Vale of Buttermere are seen to advantage from this point of view. Passing under the hills Whiteless, Ladhouse, Grassmore, and Whiteside, Mellbreak presents a striking aspect on the opposite shore. From the foot of the last-mentioned mountain a narrow promontory extends into the Lake, the extremity of which, when the waters are swollen, becomes an island. Before Scale Hill is reached, there is a pleasing view of the sylvan valley of Lorton, immortalised by Wordsworth on account of its "solitary yew:"—

"There is a yew-tree, pride of Lorton vale,
Which to this day stands single in the midst
Of its own darkness, as it stood of yore.
Nor loath to furnish weapons for the bands
Of Umfraville or Percy, ere they marched
To Scotland's heaths; or those that crossed the sea
And drew their sounding bows at Agincourt;
Perhaps at earlier Cressy or Poictiers.
Of vast circumference and gloom profound,
This solitary tree! a living thing
Produced too slowly ever to decay;
Of forms and aspect too magnificent
To be destroyed."

There are some fine remains of yew-trees in the Lake country,—witness those of Lorton, Borrowdale, and Patterdale; although they will bear no comparison with those at Ankerwyke House, Staines, and Fountains Abbey, Yorkshire: the former of which is older than the meeting of the Barons of England at Runnymede, whilst its branches overshadow a circumference of 207 feet; and the latter is 1200 years old. There used to be a yew in Tankersley Park, in the hollow of which a man on horseback might turn about with ease.

Scale Force, the greatest descent of the waterfalls of the Lake District, can be visited in a boat from the head of Crummoch Lake. From this point it is about a mile to the Force, which is one clear fall of 160 feet, between two vast perpendicular walls of syenite, beautifully adorned with numerous small trees, which grow in the fissures of the rock, and are nourished by the spray of the falling waters. Long Crag is a little rocky promontory at the foot of Mellbreak. From a point from 200 to 300 feet above the promontory, the best views are obtained of Crummoch Water, Buttermere, and the surrounding mountains. Scale Hill is three miles from Long Crag. Seven miles further is Cockermouth, the birthplace of Wordsworth. From Scale Hill the Keswick and Cockermouth Road is entered by the Lorton yew-tree, already referred to. The mountains which surround Crummoch Water are magnificent, and the scenery is altogether of a very imposing character. There are walks cut through Lanthwaite Wood, commencing at the inn-door and running some distance by the side of the Lake. Half Crummoch Lake, as well as the whole of Lowes Water, belong to the wealthy Leeds manufacturer, Mr. Marshall, who has done much to improve their minor beauties by opening paths and roads in their immediate vicinity. The panorama of mountains which surround the Lake can be seen nowhere to such advantage as from its bosom. From the lower extremity, Rannerdale Knot and the Mellbreak Promontory appear to divide Crummoch Water into two reaches. There are three prettily-wooded islets at the head of the Lake, but they are too near the shore to add much to the picturesqueness of the scenery.

Green suggests that the road by which to return to Keswick from Crummoch Water is by Borrowdale. The best approach to this Lake and Buttermere is by Whinlatter and Swinside to Scale Hill. The route through the Vale of Lorton is considerably more circuitous. The road to Scale Hill leaves that to Bassenthwaite at the village of Brathewaite, where the ascent to Whinlatter commences; and although tedious and difficult, the tourist is fully compensated by the noble view of the Vale of Keswick which is there unfolded

J.B. Pyne del. T. Pickersgill lith.

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LOWER WATER

LOWES WATER.

This view is taken from the north-west end of the Lake. Lowes Water is one of the smaller Lakes; it is less than a mile in length, and scarcely a quarter of a mile broad. It is situated in a deep, secluded valley, about two miles from Crummoch Water, and is surrounded by the bold mountains of Blake Fell, Low Fell, and Mellbreak. In the accompanying engraving the artist has represented the Lake under a mixed aspect of light and gloom. The tranquil water gives back the mountain forms in all their massive outline and richly-coloured truth. The fragmental bow across the heavens indicates a retiring shower. The rude boat floats as if magically suspended in mid air, so perfectly transparent is the water. This effect may be occasionally witnessed when it is painful to contemplate it; the Lake being almost lost to sight. A slight ripple on the water, the effects of the passing storm, destroys a little of the illusion. The scenery at the head of Lowes Water is tame.

It has been doubted, whether the beauties of this Lake are seen to most advantage from the western or eastern side. The eastern shore is open, and indented by small bays; the opposite side is more picturesque. This Lake differs from all the other lakes in its course; running, as it does, from north to south. It is of small depth, and without char, but abounding with pike, perch, and trout. It falls into Crummoch Water under Mellbreak. "Nothing," says West, "can exceed in composition parts of this landscape. You have Mellbreak on the right, Grasmere on the left, and betwixt them a stupendous amphitheatre of mountains. In the centre of this amphitheatre is a huge, pyramidical, broken rock, that seems with its figure to change place as you move across the foreground, and which helps to give variety to the scene."

We may avail ourselves of the space afforded us in this page to record the length, breadth, depth, and height, above the sea, of the various Cumberland, Westmorland, and Lancashire Lakes:—

Names.	Length in Miles.	Breadth in Miles.	Depth in Feet.	Height in Feet.
Windermere	10	1	240	116
Ulleswater	9	1	210	380
Coniston Water	6	½	160	105
Bassenthwaite Water	4	1	68	210
Derwent Water	3	1½	72	222
Crummoch Water	3	¾	132	240
Wast Water	3	½	270	160
Hawes Water	3	½	—	443
Thirlemere	2¾	½	108	473
Ennerdale Water	2½	½	80	—
Easthwaite Water	2	½	80	198
Buttermere	1¼	½	—	247
Grasmere	1¼	½	180	180
Lowes Water	1	½	—	—
Brothers' Water	¾	½	—	—
Rydalmere	½	½	—	156

The Waterfalls of the Lake District are, in height and situation, as follow:—

Names.	Height in Feet.	Situation.
Scale Force	156	South side of Crummoch Water.
Barrow Cascade	124	East side of Derwent Water.
Lodore Cascade	100	East side of Derwent Water.
Colwith Force	90	Little Langdale.
Airey Force	80	West side of Ulleswater.
Dungeon Gill Force	80	South side of Langdale Pikes.
Stock Gill Force	70	Ambleside.
Birker Force	60	South-east side of Eskdale.
Stanley Gill Force	60	South side of Eskdale.
Sour Milk Force	60	South side of Buttermere.
Upper Fall, Rydal	50	Rydal Park.
Skelwith Force	20	Flowing from Elter Water.

J. B. Pyne del. T. Picken lith. London, Published June 1st 1859 by Day & Son Gate St. Lincolns Inn Fields. Day & Son, Lith.rs to the Queen.

THE DERWENT RIVER AND BORROWDALE

THE DERWENT RIVER AND BORROWDALE.

This view is taken from some disused slate-quarries. The Bowder Stone rests on the left of the picture; the river Derwent flows down to the right. There is a wild and varying grandeur in Borrowdale, which renders it a favourite resort of tourists. The distant mountains are seen under snow. The view of Skiddaw is taken from nearly the same point of sight as this picture. We here look into Borrowdale; in the view of Skiddaw, already presented, we look out of it. Those who only know the Lakes in their summer dress have yet to see them under their most wild and solemn aspect; and when the huge mountains are clothed in glittering white, the more lowly hills still retain their richly-tinted autumn garb. The Bowder Stone is one of the lions of the scene. It is a monolithic block, containing about 23,000 cubic feet, and is nearly 2000 tons in weight. It is sixty-two feet long and thirty-six feet high, and its circumference is eighty-four feet. If hollowed out, it would be large enough for a church; or it might be carved into a second Sphynx, to overlook and guard the Dale. Its known size may be taken as a scale for the rest of the scenery. Mr. Wordsworth has thus described it:—

> "Upon a semicirque of turf-clad ground,
> The hidden nook discovered to our view
> A mass of rock, resembling as it lay,
> Right at the foot of that moist precipice,
> A stranded ship, with keel upturned, that rests
> Fearless of winds and waves."

From this point, a fine view of the upper part of Borrowdale is obtained, with the village of Rostlwaite and Castle Crag on the right; Eagle Crag and Glaramara in front; and Scawfell Pikes in the extreme distance. The Bowder Stone is situated about a mile from the Fall of Lodore (so admirably described in some nursery rhymes, written for the amusement of his children by the Poet Southey). This enormous mass has, in all probability, been detached from the rock above by some great convulsion of nature; but that it should have fallen into its present remarkable position is still more surprising. The waterfall of Lodore descends through a chasm between the two perpendicular rocks of Gowdar Crag, upon the left, and Shepherd's Crag on the right. These cliffs are finely wooded with oak, ash, and birch-trees, which fantastically impend from rocks on which vegetation would seem almost impossible. At Lodore, in still weather, there is an extremely fine echo. About a mile from the Cataract is the village of Grange, where a bridge crosses the River Derwent. The descent of water is about one hundred and fifty feet. There is a deep cleft in the face of Wallow Crag, which bears the name of the Lady's Rake;[1] through which the unhappy Countess of Derwent Water is said to have escaped up the ravine when intelligence of her husband's arrest reached her. Mr. Coleridge, the poet, named one of his sons after the River Derwent.

[1] "Rake" is a designation applied to openings of this kind in the rocks.

J. Pyne del.t T. Picken, lith.

London, Published June 1st 1859 by Day & Son, Gate Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields

Day & Son, Lith.rs to the Queen.

DERWENTWATER.

DERWENT WATER.

This scene is taken from the Lord's Island, looking up the Lake into Borrowdale. The selection of this point of view has afforded the artist an opportunity of including every feature of interest around the Lake, excepting the single one to the northward of Skiddaw. The mild yet genial glow of an autumn afternoon has been chosen as the fitting medium through which to convey this unsurpassed aggregation of lake, rock, wood, slope, and island.

This Lake is upwards of three miles in length, and a mile and a half in its greatest breadth. It is diversified by richly-wooded islands, among which are Lord's Island, St. Herbert's Island, Vicar's Island, Rampsholme, Tripelholm, and Longholms. Lord's Island was formerly the stronghold of the Radcliffes, Earls of Derwent Water, whose possessions were forfeited by the complicity of the family with the rebellion of 1715. There is on this Lake what is denominated a floating island, which usually makes its appearance once in a dozen years. This phenomenon has been variously accounted for. By some scientific tourists the buoyancy of the island is ascribed to an accumulated mass of decaying vegetable matter, by which it is surrounded, and the gases which are generated within such a body are sufficient to bear it to the surface. In 1842, on piercing the mass with a boat-hook, carburetted hydrogen and azote are said to have issued forth in great abundance. May not the decrease of the waters of the Lake at particular seasons afford a simpler solution of the anomaly?

Lakes of much greater length generally extend too far from mountain scenery: but Derwent Water, which is nearly of an oval form, expands within an amphitheatre of mountains, and visitors are at a loss which to admire most, the broken rocky heights of Borrowdale on the one hand, or the smooth-flowing lines of Newlands on the other; whilst the majestic Skiddaw closes up the view in the north. The islands are of a proportionate size, and are disposed at more equal distances than those of the other Lakes. Lord's Island contains about six acres and a half, and is near the shore. Vicar's Island comprises about six acres, which are beautifully laid out. It was called for some years Pocklington's Isle, after its owner. St. Herbert's Isle, nearer the middle of the Lake, is said to have been the residence of the holy man from whom it derives its name, and who, according to the Venerable Bede, was contemporary with St. Cuthbert, and died A.D. 687. Some remains of St. Herbert's cell are said still to exist. The precipices seldom overhang the water, but are arranged at some distance, and the shores swell with woody eminences, or sink into green pastoral margins.

Among the peculiarities of Derwent Water is what is called the Bottom Wind, an agitation of the water when no wind can be felt on its surface, which is ascribed to some subterranean convulsion, possibly not wholly unconnected with the occasional appearance of the Floating Island. The surface of Derwent Lake sometimes rises seven or eight feet, when the meadows between it and Bassenthwaite are overflowed. The fish of this Lake are trout, pike, perch, and eels. The water is so transparent that pebbles may be clearly seen some thirty feet below the surface.

Among the many poets who have written of Derwent Water, Rogers has made St. Herbert's Isle the scene of one of the episodes of the "Pleasures of Memory." Wordsworth has also described St. Cuthbert's Hermitage.

J B Pyne, delt.—T. Picken, lith.

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Day & Son, Lith.rs to the Queen

THE DRUIDICAL CIRCLE NEAR KESWICK

THE DRUIDICAL CIRCLE NEAR KESWICK.

These interesting relics of antiquity are situated about a mile and three quarters from Keswick (to the left of a portion of Helvellyn), on the summit of a solitary hill, in a field on the right of the road. The picture is taken from the north side, and commands a view of several of the highest mountains of Cumberland. The Old Circle is appropriately depicted under the ruddy light of a setting sun. The rude stones look as if they were preternaturally illuminated from within; and the bright gleaming light irradiates the middle distance and mountains' sides in a remarkable manner. The play of light and shade, as also the transparency of the atmosphere, of this scene, have been touched in with the pencil of a magician; the canvas is perfectly luminous. The water is an incident of the day—the remains of a recent shower. The clouds in the distance show that a storm has just passed over; the crescent moon sails in a watery sky. Southey has described this site as the most commanding which could be selected in this part of the country without climbing a mountain. Latrigg and the huge side of Skiddaw are on the north; to the east is the open country in the direction of Penrith. On the south-east is the range of Helvellyn, from its termination at Wanthwaite Crags to its loftiest summits, and to Dunmaile Raise. The heights above Leathes Water, with the Borrowdale mountains, complete the panorama.

The area of the circle is three hundred and thirty-six feet in circumference, and one hundred and fourteen in diameter. The stones, which are of granite, are thirty-eight in number, and are from three to eight feet high. Gray, in his letter to Doctor Warton, estimates the number at fifty, and some of the guide-books at forty-eight.[1] On the eastern side of the Druids' Temple, as it is called, there is a small enclosure formed within the circle by ten stones, making an oblong square seven paces in length and three in width, which Mr. Pennant supposes to have been allotted to the priests, as a sort of *sanctum sanctorum*, in which they were separated from the *profanum vulgus*, and where they performed their rites and divinations, and sat in council to decide controversial points, or for the trial of criminals. Within a short distance from these remains is the Vale of St. John, a narrow dell, hemmed in by mountains, in the widest part of which is a massive pile of rocks, so nearly resembling a castle in appearance that it bears the name of the Castle Rocks of St. John. This locality is the scene of Sir Walter Scott's "Bridal of Triermain." The Castle Rocks, which are believed to be antediluvian, are thus alluded to by Scott:—

"Paled in by many a lofty hill,
The narrow dale lay smooth and still;
And down its verdant bosom led,
A winding brooklet found its bed.
But midmost of the vale, a mound
Arose, with airy turrets crowned,
Buttress and ramparts' circling bound,
And mighty keep and tower;
Seemed some primeval giant's hand
The castle's massive walls had planned,
A ponderous bulwark to withstand
Ambitious Nimrod's power.
Rocks upon rocks incumbent hung,
And torrents down the valley flung;
Now diving deep from human ken,
And raving down their darksome glen;
The monarch judged this descent wild,
With such romantic ruin piled,
Was a theatre, by nature's hand,
For feat of high achievement planned."

[1] Mr. Black's "Picturesque Guide to the Lakes" (an excellent *vade-mecum* for the tourist), still gives the number of stones as forty-eight; but we are of opinion that his intelligent editor would find no slight difficulty in making out his tale.

J. E. Tyrrell del. T. Packer, lith.

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EASTENTHWAITE LAKE, VALE AND VILLAGE.

BASSENTHWAITE LAKE, VALE, AND VILLAGE.

This view is taken from a slight rise behind the village. On the left side of the picture is included a portion of Skiddaw. The mountains in the distance bound the western side of the Lake, which is four miles in length, three quarters in breadth, and in some places seventy feet in depth. Few landscapes combine objects which are more picturesque than this. The spectator is supposed to look down upon the village. The dark forms of the fir-trees, standing up in the fore-ground, may be taken as a measure of the depth and distance below. There is a beautiful play of outline blended throughout the whole. Colour and shade lend their aid to render, with perfect truth, what outline alone must have failed to effect. Space and breadth have been given to a marvellous degree. The Lake of Bassenthwaite is four miles north of Derwent Water. The Village of Bassenthwaite is situated at the foot of Whinlatter, which the tourist leaves on his left, and passing through the hamlet of Thornthwaite by the base of the mountains, entitled the Lord's Seat and Barf, reaches the margin of the Lake. From the top of the Haws there is a magnificent view of Bassenthwaite and the Vales of Embleton and Isell. In his "Diary of an Excursion along the Banks of the Ulleswater," Mr. Wordsworth remarks that Bassenthwaite Mere is familiarly called Broad Water, whilst on some of the old maps that name is given to Brothers' Water. A considerable portion of the Vale of Bassenthwaite may be seen from Helvellyn. Mr. Wordsworth's admonition to one of his visitors, who coveted a cottage which they saw peeping from a beautiful natural enclosure in this neighbourhood, is worthy of his genius:—

"Well mayst thou halt, and gaze with bright'ning eye!
The lovely cottage in the guardian nook
Has stirred thee deeply; with its own dear brook,
Its own small pasture, almost its own sky!
But covet not the abode; forbear to sigh,
As many do, rejoicing while they look;
Intruders who would tear from Nature's book
This precious leaf with harsh impiety.
Think what the home must be if it were thine—
Even thine, though few thy wants! Roof, window, door,
The very flow'rs, are sacred to the Poor,
The roses on the porch which they entwine:
Yes, all that now enchants thee, from the day
On which it should be touched would melt away!"

The cottages scattered over the Lake District are to be found in the valleys, under the hills, and on the rocks, as well as in villages, and even to this day in the more retired dale, without any extension of more assuming buildings:—

"Clustered like stars some few; but single most,
And lurking dimly in their shy retreats,
Or glancing on each other cheerful looks,
Like separated stars with clouds between."[1]

[1] Wordsworth.

J. B. Pyne del.t _T. Packer, lith

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THE VALE OF KESWICK, BASSENTHWAITE LAKE, AND THE RIVER GRETA

THE VALE OF KESWICK, BASSENTHWAITE LAKE, AND THE RIVER GRETA.

This view is taken from a point a short distance from the town of Keswick; Derwent Water and Bassenthwaite Lake being in the middle distance.

The artist has thrown a golden halo over this city of the poets: the god of day dazzles the spectator with his beams, and enriches the landscape with a dreamy grandeur. The ordinary phlegmatic observer may exclaim,—"I never saw Keswick so!" but what would be the response of Southey, of Coleridge, or of Wordsworth? They would recognise poetry and truth in this landscape. The town contains about 2500 inhabitants. The streets are narrow; and the houses are built of the stone of the district. Gray must have seen the landscape as here depicted, as he declares that on leaving Keswick, when he turned round to contemplate the scenery behind him, he was so charmed "that he had almost a mind to go back again."

Beautiful as is the situation of Keswick, it owes its chief celebrity to the poet Southey, who "passed the whole mid stage of life," as he has himself told us, at Greta Hall, where he died. The house, which is named after the river Greta, and is approached by a narrow avenue of trees, is not remarkable for either picturesqueness or beauty of architecture. It owes all its interest to associations which are connected with the poet and his writings. Keswick is usually made the head-quarters of tourists, both on account of its being provided with good accommodation for the traveller of every description, and because it is within a few hours' reach of many highly interesting scenes. Before setting out on his hunt after the picturesque, the excursionist will do well to visit the two geological museums which have been formed in the town; and, above all, to inspect the curious model of the Lake District, which has been constructed by M. Flintoff. It is a most accurate and ingenious work. Its horizontal and vertical scale is three inches to the mile: its length, from Sebergham to Rampside, fifty-one miles, or twelve feet nine inches; its breadth, from Sheep to Egremont, thirty-seven miles, or nine feet three inches; and its circumference, exclusive of sea, one hundred and seventy-six miles. The coast is shown two-fifths of the distance, including the bays of Morecombe, Duddon, and Ravenglass. The entire chain of mountains of the Lake District are presented in three principal groups; the Scawfell, Helvellyn, and Skiddaw group, with the numerous valleys, variegated by sixteen large lakes. On the uplands are seen fifty-two smaller ones—tarns, or minor deposits; whilst the towns and villages of the district are faithfully pourtrayed. A careful study of this model will be found to be an useful preparation for the view-hunter.

About a mile from Keswick, which is considered the capital of the Lake District, its glorious vale at once bursts upon the eye. From Castle Crag there is a bird's-eye view of a circuit of twenty miles, including the Lakes of Derwent Water and Bassenthwaite, with the river Greta meandering between them, and the town of Keswick and the Church of Crossthwaite in the centre. This extensive plain is surrounded by stupendous mountains. Keswick is said to have become a market-town so far back as 1001, and was famous for its smelting-houses, hammer-works, and forge-works. A celebrated physician was wont to declare that no medical man could subsist by his professional practice at Keswick, the air of the neighbourhood being extremely salubrious; but it supports more than one, nevertheless.

J. B. Pyne. del.t — T. Picken. litth.

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SKIDDAW

SKIDDAW.

This view of Skiddaw is from the south, and presents the mountain under its winter covering. The play of light is skilfully depicted, and the contrast of colour is no less true than striking. Skiddaw is the fourth English mountain in height, being 3022 feet above the level of the sea, and 2911 feet above Derwent Water. To the highest point of the mountain from Keswick is six miles, and its summit is so accessible that tourists may reach it on horseback. The usual approach to Skiddaw is by the Penrith road for about half a mile, chiefly along the banks of the Greta, to the toll-bar. After the bridge is crossed, the road ascends somewhat steeply, and beyond Greta Bank skirts Latrigg, at a considerable elevation. Having accomplished the first part of the road, for about a third of the way the ascent becomes comparatively easy, and passing over a barren moor, called Skiddaw Forest, to the foot of the Lowman, the tourist arrives at a fine spring of water. Beyond the first and second summits, or "men," there is a good beaten track to the third *man*, which is the highest point that can be seen from the valley. The view from Skiddaw on a clear day is most magnificent. On the right of the third man is a noble assemblage of mountains. In a south-western direction may be seen the chain from Coniston to Ennerdale, amongst which Scawfell is the most conspicuous; having on its left Great End, Hanging Knott, Bowfell, and the fells of Coniston; and on the right, Lingmell Crags, Great Gable, Kirk Fell, Blacksail, the Pillar, the Steeple, and the Haycock, with Yewbarrow and part of the Screes through Blacksail. Blackcomb may be seen through an opening between the Gable and Kirk Fell. To the north of the Ennerdale mountains are those of Buttermere; and High Crag, High Stile, and Red Pike, are seen over Cat Bells, Robinson, and Hindscarth. Still further to the north, rising from the Vale of Newlands, or Rawling End, are Causey Pike, Scar Crag Top, Ill Crags, Grasmere, and Grisedale Pike. On the right of Grisedale Pike and Hobcurler Crag is Low Fell, over which, on a favourable day, may be observed the northern part of the Isle of Man, and upon rare occasions, the Irish coast: the town and castle of Cockermouth are visible over the foot of Bassenthwaite, with Workington at the outlet of the Derwent on its left, as well as all the sea-coast from St. Bees' Head, by Solway Frith, to Rickcliff Marsh. Over the northern end of Skiddaw the Vale of the Eden may be seen, and on some occasions Carlisle may be discerned; eastward, Penrith and its beacon are in sight, with Grass Fell in the distance; and far away to the south-east, over the Westmoreland Fells, Ingleborough, Saddeback, Helvellyn, and a part of the Lake of Windermere, are also seen occasionally from Skiddaw. The descent is sometimes made into the valley of Bassenthwaite.

Skiddaw, geologically, is composed of the lowest slaty rocks, resting on granite. The base of these slates is metamorphic. The outline of the mountain is faithfully depicted; the smooth slopes of the slaty rocks are shown with their winter covering of snow. The intellectual tourist may study some of the general laws which govern the universe during an ascent of this mountain. A thermometer will exhibit a difference of temperature betwixt the plain and summit of some nine or ten degrees Fahrenheit; and the mercury in a barometer will descend rather more than three inches: that is to say, one-tenth of the whole atmosphere will have been passed through. Skiddaw is frequently "capped" with clouds; and sudden mists, at times, envelope the upper part of the mountain. It is, therefore, not safe to venture on the ascent without a guide.

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